AT EASTERTIDE.

The Sea Gave Up Her Dead and Every One Rejoiced.



E beautiful Easter custom of the Russian people: it must very impressive."

Olive West settled herself cozily in the sunny windowseat of her friend's studio and looked up for a reply.

But Eunice Gray put down the brush tipped with "silver lake" which she

had been holding meditatively between her thumb and finger for some minutes, and did not seem to notice the remark.

She only stood gazing at a cluster of Easter lilies on the canvas before her in a sad, far-away manner.

People remembered that when the black-budded tops of the great ash trees of the avenues showed darkly



SHE STOOD GAZING AT THE CANVAS B FORE HER.

against the March sky Miss Gray grew strangely quiet.

And, also, that at these times she invariably shut herself up in her studio with its crimson curtains and fell to painting lilies-lovely, satiny Easter

"What was it that you said?" she asked, finally, coming back from the far-off, indefinite somewhere.

"The Easter service of the Russians," resumed Olive, glad of a hearing at last, "when all the people rise in the beautifully-decorated churches and say -what is it that they say, Eunice?"

"O!" and Miss Gray begins softly, reverently, "each one clasps the hand of his neighbor at the left, and, greeting him with a kiss, exclaims: 'Christ is | "Gone down with all on board in a terrisen!' Then, while the anthem rolls and the lilies tremble on the altar, they i dispatches stated of the fated vessel. rejoice together."

"But," queried Olive, "suppose your 'neighbor' happened to be your enemy and wouldn't rejoice with you?"

"In that case I should think it would be sad, indeed! Enemies at Easter-

Miss Gray's dreamy, brown eyes filled with tears and her face grew very white. Then she pushed back the crimson curtain, shut her lips tightly and picked up the brush tipped with "silver lake" once more.

"Wouldn't rejoice with you." Eunice bent over the clustering lilies and the great tears rolled down her pale cheeks. Olive West looked startled and pained. A moment after she stole quietly out of the room, feeling in a vague, uncertain way that she had touched the chord of sorrow, somehow, unwittingly.

"O, it was I who was the enemy and would not rejoice," moaned Eunice, in agony of soul, when alone with her burdened heart.

The lilies on the easel (Tom loved lilies so) seemed to nod in painful affirmation, as she repeated: "I was the enemy!"

Yes, once Tom Ashley loved the waxen blossoms passionately, but he loved Eunice Grav far better than all things else.

Now? Well! Among those that went down to the sea in ships and had gone. none knew whither, was handsome Tom

And in the days agone, before the estrangement, he was all the world to her, but she knew it not.

How many times they had carried lovely lilies to the little chapel of the sailors on the shore at Eastertide and wreathed the plain railing with their fragrant beauty; in those days his face was joyful and bright and hers was

fairer and sweeter than the blossoms. But it would happen no more; no, life was blighted. The Thomas doubt had crept across their dream and blurred the golden chapter, and the lilies budded in strange unfriendly airs. Other hands might touch and thrill the pulse with happiness under their spell; but it would never be theirs.

No; that breezy April morning years ago had sealed them as strangers; that one on which Tom took his hat and walked slowly down the pretty, white street, overlooking the booming breakers, and communed with his grieved soul. Eunice lived at the end of the street in the pretentious cottage standing apart from its neighbors.

Tom put his hand on the gate resolutely; he would go in and tell her how he loved her still. His calling took him away on long voyages and no one knew what might happen in his absence; and the day after Easter he was to sail.

"Joe, see who that is coming in," called Miss Cray, innocently enough, from her corner, and unsuspecting Joe Fleetwood stepped to the window to see. It happened just as Eunice hoped it

"He's at her window," said Tom, with a little gasp; "she's entertaining Fleetwood and there's no room for me!" and he walked away.

They were trimming the little church of the sailors for the Easter services on the morrow, and thither Tom went to forget if he could.

"We sent Fleetwood to the Gray cottage to see if Miss Eunice would let us have her begonias for to-morrow," fussy Mrs. Fenton was saying as Tom en- bride. tered, "but it seems as if he'd never get back. O, here he comes!" and the nervous little lady laughed an apology.

"You can have them and welcome," Joe announced, then he edged around to Tom Ashley and said in an undertone: "Go up to the cottage; she won't speak a friendly word to me."

Young Fleetwood felt somehow that he had been in the way, and wanted to put himself right. But Tom did not go. Joe might be telling him the truth and he might not.

Late that evening, however, Eunice received a note from disconsolate Tom: "Come to church to-morrow, dearest," he said, "and let us rejoice together. O, Eunice, let us be one in heart at the holy Eastertide! I plead with you! Come!"

On the glad morrow the flowers filled the chapel of the sailors with their beauty and fragrance, the organ pealed forth and the people joined in the glad anthem of the Resurrection, but Eunice Gray was not with them.

Tom Ashley sat in his place and followed the chant with white lips; his fine face wore such a pained expression that his friends pitied him. He did not notice the glances of sympathy, though, for he was thinking. "She must be very angry," he concluded, "to refuse good will at Eastertide!"

Some way the chapel with all its had never known such a far-off, un- senitence, sociable Easter before.

And so it happened that the good ship Belle Isle sailed with Tom Ashley on board, and Eunice Gray had made no sign. And Tom was so white and quiet, too, that the captain had half a mind to leave him ashore, but the poor fellow begged so hard that he let him ship with them.

Then the spring slipped into summer, and the little village by the sea grew lonely and slow-paced; and the pretty cottage at the end of the white street seemed loneliest of all.

Months went by, and the steamship Aspinwall came into the quiet port with the mail on board.

The friends of the brave crew of the Belle Isle crowded eagerly around for their accustomed letters, but they all alike were doomed to disappointment. "The Belle Isle! the Belle Isle!" said

the captain of the Aspinwall, shaking his head gravely; but that was all he Then the papers were distributed.

rific storm off Borneo!" was what the the village by the sea for the loved and lost. Eunice Gray kept her room for

endure this awful sorrow? Poor Tom had gone down without a kind word even. Oh, it was terrible!

days. Would she be obliged to live to

Once again the glad Easter morning dawned on the quiet village in its nook on the shore. The little white chapel was already open, though so very early. The dark memorial window with its inscription: "The sea shall give up her dead," looked pensively down on the empty pews and all was sweetly silent in keeping with the memory. The flowers drooped from the railing and from the fonts above awaiting the arrival of the worshipers. But long before the silvery tones of the old bell had called them together, a stranger entered the

Evidently he had come for worship; but he wandered here and there and finally paused before the memorial win-



WHAT IS THIS?" HE ASKED.

dow. Then his eyes fell upon a sweet picture, a cluster of lilies, near by, and a groan escaped his lips: "What is this?" he asked of the sexton, while a tear trembled on his bronzed cheek.

"I hardly know," replied the puzzled sexton, "the young woman who paints them puts one here every Easter service as 'an offering.' I believe; they are afterward sold for the benefit of the chapel. You see," continued the sexton, "her lover went down with the crew of the Belle Isle, and she is very devoted to his memory yet, even though years have passed—"

"Her name?" The stranger grew agitated and his voice husky with emo-

"Her name is Eunice Gray and she lives at-" But the stranger was gone and the sexton looking the way he

went, bewildered enough. They were chanting the sailors'

hymn as found in the Psalms, and the bereaved ones were raising their tearwet eyes to Heaven, when a wedding party quietly came up the aisle. The clergyman met them at the altar-railing much as if he expected them and at once began the impressive rite.

After the ceremony was over, the bridegroom kissed his bride before them all and, pointing to the memorial window, said in glad ringing tones: "And the sea hath given up her dead!"

Somehow, and all at once, everybody knew that Tom Ashley stood in their midst and that Eunice Gray was the

And all the village by the sea was happy for the two who, at last, were permitted to rejoice together.

> MANDA L. CROCKER. EASTER DRESS PARADE.

One of the Most Attractive Sides of the Great Holyday.

Apart from the religious observance of the day, Easter presents another attractive side, says Harper's Bazar. It is the transition from winter to spring in the way of garments, and new bonnets and spring gowns first see the light on that day. "The Easter bonnet" has supplied the newspaper paragrapher with a wealth of material, and it Curving her lips as she walks up the aisle. seems to be an endless mine of fun, for with the advent of Easter the old jokes are brought forth and polished up and sent forth again as new. But the feminine heart is not wounded with these pointed darts any longer, for the bonnet makes its appearance as regularly as the jests, and the art of the milliner is put to the proof at this season, when faces bright as the spring sunshine must have head-gear to set off golden hair and radiant eyes, and when plain faces demand tints and trimmings to make them look beautiful. The gay of dull, golden hair, and tangled long grass. costumes which suddenly blossom at the close of Lent are more or less symbolic of the casting off of the sackcloth which has been at least metaflowers was cold and cheerless. Tom | phorically donned during the season of

> Fifth avenue, in New York, is the annual parade-ground on Easter afternoon, where two brilliantly attired armies pass in review side by side. On that day the street is crowded with a quiet, decorous company, some of whom come to see, while others come to be seen, and, whatever the purpose, all are sure to be satisfied. You may lose yourself in the crowd, and note the newest costumes unheeded by the wearers thereof, or you may go forth attired to rival the splendor of Solomon, and win for yourself the admiration of the spectators. It is a wonderfully captivating sight, suggesting a kaleidoscope with its changes of color at every turn, for each step brings forward, a new effect, a new combination of grace and beauty; and so it goes on all the day until, perfectly dazzled, one is glad to rest. And with it all there is the merry laughter of children who have gained their Easter-eggs at Sunday-school, lending additional charm to the whole. The scent of violets, which are worn in great profusion, fills the air, and there is that general tone of joy and gladness with which the glad mortals welcome the advent of the spring-the beautiful type of the eternal resurrection.

THE RULING PASSION.



"Hello! Is my bonnet in the fashion?" -Golden Days.

HER EASTER BONNET.



Wife-Which would you advise me to buv, my dear? Husband-I dislike to say. Good ad-

vice is always costly.-Boston Budget. -Hot Springs Skin Soap being prepared principally from the evaporated waters of

the Hot Springs of Arkansas, is delightful

for the toilet. For sale by Aug. Fleischmann, corner in Life. Fourth and Ohio; Mertz & Hale, 210 Ohio; O, W. Smith, 916 East Third.



bere's a tuft of tangled long grasses upon it; A sunny, peach-blossomy face within. I watch her, and wonder, can it be a sin For her to smile back at the face in the glass, So fair in the shade of the tangled long grass? Thoughtless Clarice, the church-bells are ring-

While you are standing enrapt with your face, Petting your hair and absently singing: "Christ is risen." Each curl in its place, Out she goes tripping, personided grace, And with a lingering, gratified smile

'Christ is risen," the singers are chanting: Grandly the melody soars to the skies; Through the tall window the sunlight is slant-

Notice the splendor of Clarice's eyes, Dewy and radiant with the sublime Thoughts that are born of the place and the So as she stands in the glow of the morning,

And as I follow the ray, in surprise

With her sweet spirit at peace, I confess All that she wears for her beauty's adorning Takes not a whit from her soul's loveliness. There in her new Easter bonnet and dress Stands she a saint, her nimbus a mass MARGRET HOLMES.

MERRY EASTER BELLS.

A Story of the Day in Three Acts and Several Tableaux. BEFORE CHURCH.



cheese (who isn't nearly ready)-I intend to be, love. Mr. Creemcheese (surprised)-Indeed! cheese - Yes, love! This bonnet will excel any other work

Mrs. Creem

art in church this morning, and it must have the benefit of a progress up the center aisle when all the scats are filled. to be a crowd to-day, and our pew may be occupied. We can hardly expect to have it reserved for us on Easter morn-

ing, you know, Ada. Mrs. Creemcheese - 0, the ushers wouldn't dare put any one in our pow.

IN CHURCH. Mr. Spondulix (whispering to his wife) -Aren't the decorations fine? Those lilies in the chancel are simply exquisite. Mrs. Spondulix-Yes, but just look at

that horrid Mrs. Creemcheese sailing up the aisle fifteen minutes late! Why don't you make your responses, John? Both (in unison with rest of the congregation)-And our mouth shall show

forth Thy praise. Mrs. Spondulix-She's always here in time unless she has a new bonnet or a new gown to exhibit.

Both (with congregation)-As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall

Mrs. Spondulix-Her new bonnet isn't at all becoming. Her taste is something dreadful. Both (with congregation) - The Lord's

name be praised. Mrs. Spondulix (in a louder whisper) -Good! It serves her right!

Both (with congregation)-Amen. Mr. Spondulix (as congregation sits) -Serves whom right?

Mrs. Spondulix-Why, don't you see Mrs. Creemcheese's coming down the aisle again, with her face just as red? Mr. Spondulix-The choir is doing that anthem very well indeed. What's

the matter with Mrs. Creemcheese? Mrs. Spondulix-Why, their pew is filled with strangers. Serves her right for coming late to show her bonnet. I hope she's enjoying this extra exhibition she didn't contemplate. O, there, the McDollers have made room for her. Mr. Creemcheese has to stand with the crowd at the door. I just pity that poor man. Yes, indeed, the choir did that splendidly. Is my hat on straight? It's just as pretty as Mrs. Creemcheese's-

every bit. Don't you think so? Mr. Spondulix-Ah! Dr. Choker is just beginning his sermon.

Mrs. Spondulix-O, dear! How tiresome sermons are, especially at Easter. AFTER CHURCH. Mr. Spondulix (shaking hands with

the rector)-That was a fine sermon you

gave us, doctor. Mr. Choker-Glad you liked it. Mrs. Spondulix-0, we did, ever so much. I could not help whispering to Mr. S. what a pleasure it was to listen

Mrs. Creemcheese (as the carriage rolls homeward)-Charles!

to you. (To her husband, as Dr. Choker

turns to shake hands with another

parishioner.) Is my hat on straight?

Mr. Creemcheese-Well? Mrs. Creemcheese-I want you to make the vestrymen discharge every one of those ushers!-William H. Siviter.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas Mattie A. Neale and I. R. Neale, by their certain deed of trust, dated the 28th day of March, 1883, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, in record book 29, at pages 77 and 78, conveyed to William S. Shirk all their right, title, interest and estate in and to the following described real estate, situate in the county of Pettis and state of Missouri, viz: Lot seven (7), of block fifty-four (54) o Martha E. Smith and Sarah E. Cotton' addenda to Martin and Smith's second ad dition to the city of Sedalia, and also the following personal property, to-wit: Five shares of stock in the Mechanics' Building and Loan association of Sedalia, Missouri; which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note and the interest thereon, and the sence of said trustee from the county or work recommend it to the use of all. his refusal to ac', the then acting sheriff shall assume and discharge his powers and duties in said deed set forth, and whereas, said trustee is absent from said county and refuses to act as such, and, whereas, said scription to Belford's MAGAZINE, note and monthly dues have become due and are unpaid; now, therefore, in accord- is exhausted. ance with the provisions of said deed of BELFORD'S MAGAZINE CO. trust and at the request of the legal holder of said note to whom said dues are also payable and due, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate and shares of stock, in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state aforesaid, at the west front door of the court house, to the highest bid- L. Smith, deceased were granted to the under, for cash, at public auction, on FRIDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF APRIL,

between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note and dues and the expense of executing this trust.

ELLIS R. SMITH. 3-24w5t. Sheriff of Pettis County,

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE. (First publication March 17th, 1891.)

Whereas, on February 6th, 1886, Benjamin H. Snavely and Sarah A. Snavely made, executed and delivered their deed of trust, for the purpose of securing the pay-CHEESE (put | ment of one bond for the sum of Eleven ting on his Hundred Dollars (\$1100), named in said gloves)-My deed of trust, wherein they conveyed to the undersigned, David H. Ettien, Trustee, the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis and State of Missouri, to-wit: The East sixty (60) acres of the south half of the southwest quarter and the south thirty (30) acres of the North half of the southwest quarter of section D. 1891. nineteen (19), township (46) north, range 3 31w4: twenty-one (21) west of the 5th principal meridian; and whereas said deed of trust was duly recorded in book 50, at page 78. Mrs. Creem- of the records of said Pettis county, Missouri; and whereas said bond is now past due and unpaid:

Now, therefore, public notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, David H. Ettien, the trustee named in said deed of trust, under and by virtue of the authority vested in me by said deed of trust, at the request of the legal holder and owner of ruid bond, will proceed to sell the above Mr. Creemcheese-But there is sure | described real estate, at public vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, at the north front door of the court house of Pettis county, Missouri, in the city of Sedalis, the county seat of said county, on

SATURDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF

between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, for the purpose of raising the money to pay the amount of said bond, with interest, and the costs of executing this trust, DAVID H. ETTIEN,

3 17 w4t Trustee.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Joseph Warren deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 16th day of March. 1891, by the probate court of Pettis county, Missouri, All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the administrator, within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years of pub lication, they shall be forever barred. This 16th day of March, 1891.

3-24w-d3t O. H. COE,

Administrator.

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860 Broadway, New York. ADMINISTRATION NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the the estate of Hugh

dersigned on the 2nd day of March 1891, by the Probate court of Pettis county Mis-All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the undersigned, administratrix within one year after the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefits of such estates and if such claims

ever barred. Given this day of March 1891,

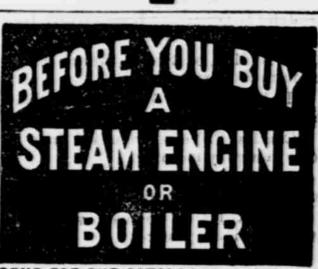
ANNIE A. SMITH. Administratrix of the estate of Hugh L.

be not exhibited within two years from

date of this publication, they shall be for-

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix of the estate of George P. Westenberger deceased, will make final settlement of her accounts with said estate as such administratrix at the next term of the probate court of Pettis county, Misouri, to be holden at Sedalia in said county, on the 11 day of May, A. SUSAN J. WESTENBERGER Administratrix.





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